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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 50—No. 2.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872.

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FRIDAY 26th JANUARY.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.** Conductor Sir MICHAEL COSTA. HANDEL's Oratorio, DEBORAH, will be performed on Friday, January 26th, 1872. Subscription concert. Tickets 3s., 6s., and 10s. 6d. Now ready.

**MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.—BRITTON**, (third season), Director Mr. RIDLEY PRENTICE.—FOURTH CONCERT, TUESDAY EVENING, January 16, Messrs. Weist Hill, Richard Blagrove, Burnett, Pettit, Minson, Robert Hilton and Ridley Prentice. Quintets, Schumann and Silas; Sonata, Op. 81, Beethoven; Polonaise, Chopin, &c. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., of Mr. Ridley Prentice, 9, Angel Park Gardens, Brixton.

**MR. WHITNEY**, (the American Bass), begs to announce that, having recovered from his recent severe illness, he is now ready to accept Engagements to sing in Oratorios or Concerts. Letters to be addressed to his Residence, 4, Abbey Terrace, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.

**MISS ROSE HARRISON** (Soprano).—All communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., may be addressed to Mr. Cunningham Boosey, 6, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W.

**MADAME LAURA BAXTER** begs to request that all communications respecting concerts, &c., may be addressed to her, at her residence, 19, Fulham Place, Maids Hill West, W.

**MISS EDITH WYNNE** will return from America early in February. Applications for concert, and other engagements, should be addressed to her residence, 14, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

**MR. RALPH PERCY** will sing ASCHER's popular song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Store Street Concert Rooms, January 15th; Literary and Lyric Club, Great Portland Street, January 17th; Richmond Hotel, Shepherd's Bush, January 19.

"WILT THOU BE TRUE?"

**MISS S. LOCKYER** will sing, (accompanied by the Composer), HOWELL's new song "WILT THOU BE TRUE?" at the Westerham Amateur Musical Society's Concert, on Tuesday, January 16th.

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**MME. CANRILLA URSO**, (première prix du Conservatoire de Paris), has the honour to announce that she will arrive in London for the season early in March, after her engagements at the "Popular Concerts" of M. Pasdeloup. All letters to be addressed to MME. C. URSO, 44, Conduit Street, Regent Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

**LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS**, St. James's Hall. At the Third Concert, on Wednesday next, the following artists will appear:—Madame Sherrington, Miss Enriquez, Miss Fennell, and Madame Rudersdorf; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Byron, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Pianoforte, Miss Kate Roberts. Conductors—Mr. J. L. HATTON and Mr. SIDNEY NAYLOR. The Orpheus Glee Quartett. Stalls 6s.; family tickets for four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell and Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse and Co., Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Boosey and Co., 25, Holles Street.

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Persons desirous of entering their names, are requested to communicate at once with the Secretary, who will forward printed particulars of the Examination on receipt of one stamp.—By order of the Council.

R. LIMPUS, Hon. Sec.

"Valse de Bravoure."

**MRS JOHN MACFARREN** will play BRISSAC's celebrated "Valse de Bravoure," in her Recital, at Chelmsford January 24th.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

**MR. WILFORD MORGAN**, will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," in Mrs. John Macfarren's Concert at Islington, February 8th.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

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## CUPID'S DIARY.

AN ORIGINAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

BY AUG. MAYHEW.

(Continued from page 5.)

## ACT II.

*A handsomely furnished drawing-room in the residence of Lady Rose Waters. Elegant furniture. Sofa, lounges, chairs, table with inkstand and writing-folio. Fire-place, with fire burning. At back, folding doors. Doors n. and l.*

*On the rising of the curtain, the folding doors at back are thrown open and enter Mr. Braham, Mr. Sloman, and Mr. Moss. They gaze around in admiration.*

*Braham (who is a hard, surly man).* All this is very splendid, Mr. Moss, but remember it ain't the Captain's yet! These swells do tell such lies when you got a judgment against 'em.

*Moss (who is a polite man).* The worst lies he told me, Mr. Braham, was when I had no judgment at all, and cashed his paper.

*Sloman (who is a meek man).* He bounced me out of my money by his insinuating ways. It is so depressing to take a liking to a man, and then to find he's done you!

*Moss.* If he marries this gal, Mr. Sloman, his insinuating ways won't be such a bad spec after all. He'll insinuate some of her cash into your pocket!

*Sloman.* Sixty per cent. is all very pretty, but what's to compensate for one's feelings, when your bills is only met with impidence?

*Moss.* I likes bills of sale—they works so well among the fam'ly. Our Sam issues the writ; cousin Mo distrains; Uncle Ike is the man in possession, and brother Jacob knocks down the lots.

*Enter Foster n. She has a letter in her hand.*

*Foster (looking at the gentlemen—aside).* Like a glimpse of Palestine. (*Aloud.*) Are you the gentlemen who brought this letter from Captain Evelyn?

*Braham.* That's right, marm—the Captain referred us to you. We was quite pleased to hear he were a votary of Hymen!

*Moss (to Foster).* The fact is, madam, the Captain owes us a very large sum of money, and for the moment he can't oblige us with his cheque!

*Braham.* Who'd be fool enough to take it! "No effects"—ha! ha!

*Sloman (meekly).* The whole thing lies in a nutshell.

*Braham.* He's well up in nuts—got two sons in the trade.

*Sloman (crossing his fingers in argument).* If your mistress loves the Captain so fondly, surely she would not, could not, refuse to endorse his bills!

*Braham.* That's it! put her pretty name on the back—jump up behind!

*Moss.* Allow me, Mr. Braham. (*To Foster.*) It would cause us terrible pangs to be obligated to arrest the Captain at the sacred portals of the church!

*Braham.* It mustn't be done! As gentlemen, we ought to allow the lady to renew for a month! (*The three nod in agreement.*)

*Foster.* Perhaps I may be permitted to edge in a word. My mistress is richer than all of you put together.

*Braham.* What an angel!

*Foster.* She's that taken up with the Captain, he has only to name the day!

*Sloman (sadly).* How many times has he named the day to me!

*Foster.* But if you play any of your tricks about arresting and jumping up behind, you'll frighten her away, and then, where are you? Jump up behind, indeed. Do you take her for an errand boy, riding on a cab-spring? I stand to win two hundred guineas by this match, so you may be certain I shall keep my eyes open. Now, go away like good gentlemen, and in a few days you shall be sent for, and see him spend her cash. (*Bell rings.*) Go, go! that is my lady's bell!

*(The three gentlemen move towards the door, at back. Mr. Moss suddenly returns and presents a card to Foster.)*

*Moss (in an undertone).* If you have any left off wearing apparel—laces or furs—we are giving the double of any other house!

*Foster.* Thank you! I will enquire at the other houses what they are giving, and then I will call upon you. (*Bell rings again—Foster runs off l.*)

*(The three gentlemen reach the door at back, and there meet Alfred Newton.)*

*Alfred.* What are you doing here, Mr. Braham? Mr. Moss, too!

*Sloman (aside to Braham).* Who is he?

*Braham (aside).* The barrister who was agin us in Judas versus Titlark!

*He proved that six punchcons of old rum weren't necessities for an infant.*

*Alfred.* Three of you! It must be a big business! Has the butler promised to steal the plate?

*Braham (spitefully).* How that would tell with a jury!—he! he! he!

*Moss.* Two years since, Mr. Newton, we did the easiest thing in the world, and now, we want to do the most difficult.

*Alfred.* What is that?

*Moss.* We lent our money! and now we're trying to get it back again!

*Alfred.* I guessed as much! Mr. Braham, I was told Captain Evelyn had trounced you smartly, and I bowed to his genius—but that he should have snared three such weazles, shows transcendent talent! What do you propose doing?

*Sloman (pathetically).* We was informed, dear sir,—and very cheering was the news—that the Captain was to marry a lady of fortune, who—pretty creature—would pay his debts!

*Alfred.* You are mistaken, gentlemen! Lady Waters is my cousin, and—mark my words—she shall never waste her inheritance on Captain Evelyn.

*Moss (boldly).* This is a pretty go! Instead of making one man happy for life, she might make four, and you won't let her!

*Alfred.* You seem to doubt my word—shall I summon the lady herself? (*Moves towards bell.*)

*Moss.* } (*Clustering around Alfred.*) No! No! No!

*Sloman.* } (*Clustering around Alfred.*) No! No! No!

*Braham (n. of Alfred).* Mr. Newton, you have that decomposed me, that—sooner than part these lovers—I should n't stand nice to a five pun' note or so! (*Winks and taps his pocket.*)

*Moss (l. of Alfred).* We'd give the lady time, and if a real seal-skin valet-kit is in your style—eh? (*Winks.*)

*Alfred.* You treat this affair, gentlemen, as if you were bidding at a mock auction. The lady is not for sale!

*Moss (savagely).* Then I'm at him! Uncle Ike shall dress up as a half-pay general and arrest him at once! (*Moves cautiously towards the door.*)

*Sloman.* Don't be rash, Mr. Moss! Features such as his'n are sure to marry ten shillings in the pound. (*Follows Moss.*)

*Braham (sidling to the door—aside).* It's five years since I tried a hamper of stones and a pheasant's tail hanging out, but it never failed me yet!

*(Rushes to door, where he meets Moss—they struggle and ezeunt.)*

*Sloman.* Oh dear! (*in despair.*) If they collar him first, I shall never get a farthing! my only chance is to warn him against these vultures, and help him to hide until I am ready to seize him.

[*Exit.*]

*Alfred.* What trouble they would save me by locking up that fellow for a few months. (*Sits down and takes out the "Diary."*) I almost know this little book by heart—more than its owner ever did. (*Opens book.*) Beautifully kept, in a bold galloping scribble, and posted up to the latest flirtation—seven days since! (*Turns over leaves.*) This traitor who dares to talk of love and constancy to my Rose, was only a week since twittering his trash to a silly little milliner! (*Sighs, and turns over leaves.*) Names and names! (*Reads.*) "Marian, Matilda, Maude!"—sweet name, Maude! (*Reads.*) "Maude Temple. Advantages. The smallest hand that ever held an estate; the neatest foot that ever stepped into a fortune!" Hem! "Disadvantages. Too affectionate. She would expect me to love her." (*Speaks.*) Poor little Maude! May you marry an honest man! (*Turns over leaves.*) "Rosamond Rebecca." (*Speaks.*) Rebecca reminds one of camels and caravans. (*Reads.*) "Rebecca Burgoyne. Advantages. Splendid mad eyes. Disadvantages. Too healthy. She would live for years." (*Speaks.*) The scamp has the heart of an undertaker, and likes funerals. (*Turns over leaves—reads.*) "Dorothy Vernon. Disadvantages. Her mother!" (*Ponders.*)

*Enter Foster secretly behind, peeping about.*

*Foster (aside).* That is the book I am to steal from him!

*Alfred (aside).* There is a rustling behind me, as of a Foster in the grass.

*(Aloud.)* What does the Captain say about Foster? (*Turns over leaves.*)

*Foster (aside).* How clever! As if he could gammon me!

*Alfred (reading).* "If Foster had been born in Italy, she would have sold poisons; being English, she turned lady's maid!"

*Foster (aside).* He's inventing this. (*Looking over Alfred's shoulder.*) It is there!

*Alfred (calmly).* Is that you, Foster? You can see for yourself. It is very distinctly written. (*Shows book.*)

*Foster.* Mr. Newton, when I can draw my breath, I'll consult you as a lawyer. (*After an effort.*) Now, would it be a hanging matter to murder this Captain?

*Alfred.* It all depends upon how you murder him, Foster! You might stab his hopes, or knock his schemes on the head, and yet be acquitted as a most honest woman!

*Foster.* Mr. Alfred, it is very hard upon me! He was to give me two hundred pounds!

*Alfred (turning over leaves of "Diary").* Let us read together what he has to say on that subject. (*Reads.*) "Foster is so greedy, I promise her a hundred pounds, and she blesses me: had I given her five shillings, she would have smothered me in curses! Foster is cheap!"

Only one hundred, you see!



*Foster.* Mr. Newton, I'm that frantic, money is no object. Will you, the day you marry Lady Rose, give me fifty pounds?

*Alfred.* The day I marry Lady Rose—(Sighs). I should, of course, be supremely happy, but I should not give you fifty pounds.

*Foster.* How much will you give me? I must have something!

*Alfred.* Understand me, Foster! I have only to show this book to Lady Rose—how you have ticketed her for sale, and speculated on the purchase, to ensure your speedy return to your friends at home. Yet I am a lenient man, Foster, and if you behave yourself—mind “if”—I will not expose you. That is all, Foster! You may go! Good morning, Foster.

*Foster (going, aside).* I'll to my lady and wake her by accident, that always makes her cross. She shan't marry anybody!

[Exit.

*Alfred (walking about with the book in his hand).* Were I a man of easy principles, I might secure Foster, and she has great influence. But how could I look my wife in the face after buying her from her own maid!

*Enter Sir Baker Taylor. He is stern and haughty.*

*Alfred.* Sir Baker! I was longing to see you! what news?

*Sir B.* Mr. Newton! I am here, Sir, on business of a most deadly character, Sir! I, once the enemy of Captain Evelyn, am now his warmest friend, Sir!

*Alfred.* You soon shift your partialities!

*Sir B.* You have, Mr. Newton, behaved in a deceitful and double-faced manner, Sir! You led me to believe you espoused my cause with Lady Rose Waters! The Captain has convinced me you were only making a fool of me, Sir!

*Alfred.* Outspoken at any rate. Go on with your story!

*Sir B.* In your hand, Sir, you hold the memorandum book you so cunningly purloined! On behalf of Captain Evelyn, I come here, Sir, to demand its instant return! Should you dare to hesitate, Sir—you know—the usual business!

*Alfred.* Then it must be the usual business. I shall not part with the book. *Sir B.* May I trouble you, Sir, to name a friend!

*Alfred.* I name you!

*Sir B. (aghast).* You can't—I'm for the other! Besides I want to see him spill your blood, Sir!

*Alfred.* Don't be a fool, Sir Baker!

*Sir B. (indignantly).* I will not, Mr. Newton—at least—not your fool, Sir!

*Alfred.* Are you really serious in this tomfoolery?

*Sir B. (enraged).* Tomfoolery, Sir! Take heed! take heed!

*Alfred.* It is a horrible book! Would you like to read some of the entries?

*Sir B.* I have come here for your blood, Sir, and I'm in a hurry!

*Alfred.* Let me see! What was the second Lady Taylor's Christian name? Was it not Lucretia? (Turns over leaves.)

*Sir B.* Do you mean to insinuate, Mr. Newton—Be careful, Sir, very careful!

*Alfred.* A most amusing entry—you shall read it! (Holds the book before Sir Baker.)

*Sir B. (after adjusting his glasses).* What do I see! Heavens! It must be a mistake! My sainted Lucretia! My head spins like a chimney-cowl in a tempest!

*Alfred.* Your friend, the Captain, is a most fascinating man!

*Sir B.* I'll read it, though it throbbles me. “Lucretia Taylor. Advantages. Married. Disadvantages. Sir Baker Taylor.” I was a disadvantage!

*Alfred.* And now, Sir, we will, at once, settle the preliminaries of this duel. (Continues to hold the book for Sir B. to read.)

*Sir B. (reading).* “Stole a lock of her hair!” (Speaks.) I'll prosecute him for robbery! (Reads.) “Walked by moon-light in the lime-tree avenue.” (Speaks.) Evelyn, your death shall atone for this, if I have to fire at you from behind a wall!

*Alfred.* You are, Sir, neglecting the business of your friend, Captain Evelyn. (Continues to hold the book.)

*Sir B.* The lime-tree avenue. Of all places in the world, a confounded, romantic, perfumed lime tree avenue!

*Alfred (savagely).* Take your time, Sir Baker! I am in no hurry.

*Sir B. (in despair).* Mr. Newton, you must not bully; but befriend me in this hour of trial. (Taking out his handkerchief.) What am I to do? Hang it! we like our wives all the better for being dead. (Wipes his eyes very carefully.)

*Alfred (in a kindly tone).* What! desert your dear friend, the Captain?

*Sir B. (greatly distressed).* My Friend! (Shakes his fist.) Scoundrel, a moonlit vampire!

*Alfred (kindly).* Now you are reasonable! (Goes to Sir B., and places his hand on Sir B.'s shoulder.) In the first place you must disbelieve the libel. This mischievous coxcomb has scribbled against your dead wife's good repute!

*Sir B. (looking up).* You are very kind to say so!

*Alfred.* There are some men, Sir Baker, who are so vain of the limbs and form Heaven has given them, that they pander to their self-conceit, by

feasting it on the reputations of slandered women. They whisper away a virtuous life—they imply wrongs that never were committed, to adorn their gingerbread vanity with the glitter of gill!

*Sir B.* That's true I know. I've done it myself.

*Alfred.* Your wife, no doubt, walked in the lime-tree avenue, and enjoyed the lovely moonlight, the Captain, most likely, dandying by her side and chatting his fashionable rubbish; but see how foully the innocent stroll reads in this pernicious record. (Taps the book.) You picture her with his arm round her waist, his lips close to her cheek, whispering warm vows unfitted for a chaste woman's hearing.

*Sir B. (in great grief).* Damn it, Newton, give over!

*Alfred.* That is just what the Captain wished you to think. Yet he does not breathe one word to that effect! This is the stab by suggestion. He allows other brains to imagine the wickedness he failed to perpetrate.

*Sir B.* But the ringlet robbery—“Stole a lock of her hair”—That's the last hair that breaks my camel's back!

*Alfred.* He stole it, man! If he had stolen her watch, would you have been jealous?

*Sir B. (savagely).* What am I to do to that man! I should like to screw down his coffin-lid!

*Alfred.* Take a sheet of paper and write him such a letter as he deserves (goes to table, and arranges writing materials).

*Sir B. (taking a pen and setting to work).* “My dear Sir”——

*Alfred.* That will never do! Let me dictate: “You are a scoundrel.”——

*Sir B. (whistles).* Phew! Rather rash, isn't it?

*Alfred.* Isn't it true?

*Sir B.* Yes! And he might pull my nose! That would also be true! Suppose we say: “Your conduct has been basely improper”?

*Alfred.* What! After the lime-tree avenue!

*Sir B.* Confound it! Here goes. “You are a scoundrel” (writes.) I'm double his size and ought to have two shots to his one!

*Alfred (dictating).* “I have read an entry in your accursed diary, which obliges me to term you a villain”!

*Sir B. (looking up).* I'm sure he'll knock me down—he must, as a gentleman!

*Alfred (dictating)* “I despise you, and proclaim you a false man and a traitor.” Sign it boldly, as if you were in earnest (Looks over Sir B.'s shoulder). That's bravely done! I'll send it. (Snatches up the letter.)

[Exit Alfred Newton.]

*Sir B.* If this were anybody else's duel but my own, I should enjoy it as much as Newton does—but, as I shall have to be shot at, I feel like a partridge on the first of September, and the sport is all on one side. What a fool I am! A healthy, wealthy man, to risk the most comfortable club in London against the grave; the best tailor at the West End—for a shroud. Idiot! what the deuce have I, at my time of life, to do with honour! (delivers himself up to despair.)

(To be continued.)

DRESDEN.—A new opera, *Hermione*, by Herr Max Bruch, has been accepted at the Royal Operahouse.

DUSSELDORF.—At the fourth concert given by the General Musical Association, the programme comprised the overture to *Les deux Journées*, Cherubini; a “Rhapsody,” Brahms (Madame Joachim); Concerto in G major, Beethoven (Madame Clara Schumann); Pianoforte Solos, Schumann, Gluck, and Mendelssohn; Songs, Schumann, Schubert, and Mendelssohn; Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, Schumann.

MUNICH.—Herr Nachbaur has sent in his “resignation” as a member of the Royal Operahouse, but the King has not yet accepted it. It appears that some time since there was a rather unsatisfactory performance of *Fra Diavolo*, and Herr Nachbaur did not like the manner in which the audience marked their opinion of his share in it. *Hine illa* (or might we substitute *sille lacrimae*.—M. David's opera of *Lalla Rookh* was produced for the first time here, on the 18th ult.

CAIRO.—The following telegram was despatched from this capital on the 25th December to the *Gazzeta Musicale* of Milan, with reference to Verdi's new opera:—“*Aida*, most splendid success; boundless enthusiasm. Grand ovations to the executants; to the director Bottesini; orchestra and chorus directed by Devasini.—Enthusiastic demonstrations in favour of Verdi, and the Viceroy of Egypt, the latter being present at the performance. *Mise-en-scène* incomparably magnificent.—Music considered stupendous; a masterpiece.” With regard to the above, it may be observed that the orchestra was not “directed” by Signor Devasini, but by Signor Bottesini.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—“By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills.” Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers Epps's Chocaine, a very thin evening beverage.

## MUSIC IN LONDON HALF A CENTURY AGO.

(By a Looker-on, living at the period—1820.)

(Continued).

Of the great English theatres, Drury Lane has taken the lead in musical arrangements. To Mr. Braham and Miss Carew has been added Madame Vestris, a valuable acquisition to the house. This singer was for a short time engaged at the King's Theatre, some years ago, and has since sung at some of the theatres abroad. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of more extended compass than is usual, very sweet and pure, and her style is more that of true expression than of modern agility. The *Siege of Belgrade* and *Artaxerxes* have been revived, and in the latter Incledon reappeared. Arne's opera is reduced in duration by the abridgment of some of the recitatives, but this is the material alteration it has undergone in refitting it for the taste of a generation later by more than half a century than its author. Not so poor Incledon, upon whom time has laid a heavier hand; it is yet perhaps matter of surprise, that so much voice should remain, after so much wear and tear as he has known.

Covent Garden, though not without vocal talent, has yet not given such divided countenance to opera as last year, when Mozart's *Figaro* and Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* were adapted to the English stage, and when Mrs. Dickens again presented herself after a long absence to her countrymen. This season the music has been interwoven, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, *Ivanhoe*, &c., making it episodic rather than principal. The novelty of the year is Miss M. Tree, a young singer whose merits have already raised her to a high degree of favour with the public. Her voice is perhaps of as great compass as that of her coadjutor, Miss Stephens, but it has neither the volume, the richness, nor the sweetness. It varies in quality, and the lower notes are better than the higher. Her execution is brilliant, but reduced in effect (particularly to English ears) by the too frequent and too forceful use of the English *portamento*, or glide. There is no ornament so dangerous, particularly in English singing, as this; for instead of softening the abrupt transitions of distant intervals (for which purpose it is finely employed by the Italians), instead of bestowing a pathetic expression, if done in the slightest degree too violently, it has a most unpleasant and nauseous effect, particularly in ascending—an effect which the last epithet alone will convey. So generally does Miss Tree adopt it that it infects her whole style, destroys her articulation, and levels all discrimination as to sentiment. With a grain of allowance for this defect, there has, however, been no candidate for public estimation, so promising as this young lady, since Miss Stephens, within the range of the theatres.

The three permanent establishments, the Ancient and Vocal Concerts and the Philharmonic, have this year lost none of their enthusiasm, grandeur, and striking solidity. They are, as they have been, the depositories of high science. The Ancient Concert keeps the even tenor of its way, distinguished by the patronage of the noble, the dignified, the affluent, the scientific, never relaxing the purity of its principles or its practice, preserving, by a sort of traditionary process of instruction, the chastity of manner and the perfection of expressive execution.

The Vocal Concert, composed as nearly as possible of the same musical elements, but extending its grasp to contemporary as well as to excellencies of older date, should seem to offer a larger field for public satisfaction, for an expectancy more universal. The fulfilment has always made good the promise. Most of the novelty either in composition, or in vocal or instrumental performance, that has had any allowed title to the regard of true science, has here at all times found ready introduction. We regret therefore to perceive that a subscription for the half of the concerts has been subsequently proposed in consequence of unpropitious circumstances attending the season; but we trust that nothing so derogatory to fine taste can have happened as a secession from these Concerts on any other grounds than those alleged, viz.—the absence of the fashionable world, in consequence of the early assembling and sudden dissolution of Parliament from the metropolis.

No name of consequence has been yet added to the vocal list of either of these concerts. Mr. Bartleman, we are glad to state has returned to the exercise of his profession, with some slight subtraction from his meridian powers, yet with those powers far less impaired by his long and most painful indisposition than even his most ardent admirers and most sanguine friends could have hoped. Nature has borne up wonderfully; and there is reason to believe that when recruited by society, and braced with air and exercise, and above all, confirmed by the delight of continued enjoyment of health, he will be equal to sustain his high place with undiminished reputation, and a respect augmented by long service.

M. Bocha has played with the most brilliant success. We have already endeavoured to convey a general idea of the great talents of this professor, both as a performer and a composer, but we can very inadequately express the impression made by his fire, force and feeling,

by the power of his tone, the changeful variety of his manner, informed with sensibility that, disdaining control, flames forth in every note, by the brilliancy and the delicacy of his execution, and by the entire command of style he exhibits. He is received in London with enthusiasm, and we understand that in his provincial engagements he has not less delighted his auditors.

It was announced in the advertisements, previous to the commencement of the present season, that a distinguished female singer was engaged, and the allusion was to Madame Mara. The subscribers were not, however, to be gratified by that justly celebrated virtuosa, who has sung only one night before a London audience since her re-appearance in this country.

Madame Mara is now in her seventieth year, having been born at Cassel, in 1750. She left England in 1802, with powers astonishingly preserved, considering her long professional labours. Her last performance was on the third of June in that year, when Mrs. Billington sang a duet with her, a test of power from which she came off with undiminished reputation. Since that period, Mara has resided principally in Russia, and at the conflagration of Moscow suffered severely in her property. Towards the close of the last or the beginning of the present year, she returned to London, and determined on presenting herself once more to the judgment of the English public, who had revered her name so highly and so long. Her resolution, we understand to have been, to suffer no one to hear her in private—to give one concert—and to suspend her after engagements upon the success of her first night. "If," she is reported to have said, "I fail to please, the receipts of one night will be no unpardonable exaction upon the public for an old servant, and I shall bow to their decision; if I succeed, as I trust I shall, I can then make engagements without imputation."

This resolution, we believe, was kept very steadfastly, and a concert in the Opera house itself was announced for Thursday, March 16. The evening arrived, and we were somewhat surprised to find the house not more than one third full, as our own curiosity, to compare the excellence which had rivetted and enraptured our early pre-possessions, and fixed all most all our notions of grandeur of style and expression, with our later impressions, from the various exercise of art, was at its pitch. But, though our curiosity was excited, our expectations were certainly not high, for we had small hopes of the endurance of the necessary physical power to a period of life so protracted. They were perhaps lowered by the songs announced. Mara's fame was built principally upon Handel—upon, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Farewell, ye limpid springs," and airs of such sublime expression; when, therefore, we saw her descending to "What though I trace," which, though a fine composition, cannot be classed either in grandeur, dignity, or pathos, with the first-named songs, we could not forbear to omen the departure of the greater and finer requisites. But our descent, however deep, was doomed to be gradual. At the very moment of the most impatient anticipation, when Mara herself should have appeared, the long-drawn visage of Mr. Bellamy, in the character of an apologist, presented itself at the front of the stage. He said Madame Mara laboured under a severe cold and hoarseness, but rather than postpone her concert (the night had been once changed) she had determined to use her best endeavours, towards which he was sent to solicit the indulgence of the audience.

At length came Madame Mara, with far more of animation and of vigour than nature indulges to the million of her children at the age of threescore and ten. She sung an air of Guglielmo's, "What though I trace," and a cavatina by Paer, "Quale smania in alma io sento." We love not to dwell upon the painful recital of the details of decay, but our readers have a right to claim from us, with regard to so eminent a person, some authentic particulars. Her voice then was less feeble, less tremulous, less attenuated than could have been presupposed; but the energy and force were exhausted, and these were the attributes of Mara. That solemn inspiration, that majesty and fervour which kept almost equal pace with the most sublime sentences of holy writ, that delicacy and purity of expression, "that spoke so sweetly and so well" the finest accordance of sentiment and of sound, of all the high affections that warm and elevate the human heart, were passed away; and it is remarkable that even the chastity of her style and of ornament seemed to be no more. The graces she used bore no comparison with modern invention, while into the middle of "What though I trace,"—upon the word *I* she introduced a roulade of three ascending and five descending notes; the passage was both vulgar and impertinent to its position. After this song the attention of the audience was scarcely respectful; and those who can never forget her former elevation lamented feelingly that the sun of "The Mara," shorn of its beams, should have set so ingloriously midst clouds and mists and darkness.

Before we quit the subject of the Vocal Concerts it may be useful to the conductors to know something of the true state of public opinion. It is universally admitted that in all the real excellencies—in point of precision, unity of effect, fine taste, and finished execution, these concerts are

not to be exceeded, if they are even equalled; but, say the audiences, there is a heaviness arising out of sameness in selection. Admitting that there may be some truth in the objection, the public, we think, are scarcely enough alive to the tremendous difficulties which surround the caterers for such entertainments. In the public mind three principles are ever struggling for ascendancy—prescription, habit, and love of variety. Prescription operates with regard to persons:—Who would listen to any other singer than Bartleman in "Let the dreadful engines," "The Frost Scene," and many other songs we could enumerate? Who would sit patiently while "Alexis," "Gentle Lyre," or "Odi grand' ombra," were sung by any other than Vaughan? This determination to be disappointed with any other than the favourite singer runs through the whole list of popular compositions. Then comes habit:—"I do so love to hear 'Mad Bess'"—"I wish so much for 'O Lord have mercy upon me'"—"What would I give to enjoy 'The soldier's dream'?"—say old and leading dilettanti. Thus the predilections of a great part of the audience fall in with the inclinations of the performers who are naturally influenced by the desire of gratifying their hearers in the highest degree, and at the same time, of sustaining their own reputation at its pitch and altitude.

(To be continued.)

### MUSICAL PROGRESS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(From the "Sunday Times")

To those who take an interest in the spread of musical taste and culture nothing can be more pleasant than a review of the history of music as connected with the Crystal Palace. When the great glass house was opened for the edification and improvement of the masses it was thought enough to make the simplest provision in regard to the "divine art." A brass band played at intervals, and that was all. Brass bands, as a rule, are not interesting; yet around the one in question cluster many suggestive and pleasing ideas. It was the seed-corn of the bounteous musical harvest which is now reaped all the year round at the Crystal Palace, the little spring which has since developed into a broad and beneficent river. We might trace the various stages of that development, and show how, from a mere accessory, music has become a chief attraction, the mainstay of the Sydenham enterprise, and a means of keeping it ever before the world. But, as our readers can do this for themselves, we pass on to the latest phase of musical progress at the Crystal Palace—a phase of striking importance, which ought to excite grave and sympathetic attention.

At first sight it would appear that the devisers of the new scheme must have sorely taxed their ingenuity. What more could the Crystal Palace do? It had its choral and orchestral concerts, its great musical festivals, its operatic performances, and its admirable classes for study in every branch of the art; looking upon all which Mr. George Grove, like another Alexander, might have sat down and wept in despair of further achievements. Mr. Grove, however, did nothing of the sort. Calling in the aid of Mr. Willert Beale, two pairs of eyes found an opening through which the Crystal Palace manager looked upon an absolutely new world waiting for conquest. What was the exact nature of the prospect we will try to show. Nobody needs telling, and nobody can be told without shame, that our government extends to music but the shabbiest recognition. It does not a few hundreds yearly to the Royal Academy in London, and has just offered similar trifling help to that in Dublin, simultaneously agreeing to encourage the study of vocal music in elementary schools. This is good, no doubt, so far as it goes, but it goes only a little way, and leaves untouched that immense field of usefulness which consists in stimulating art-progress among individuals and associations who have shown their capacity and zeal. Hence, whatever has been accomplished by English amateurs is due to a pure love of music, aided by a prospect of such limited honour as can arise from mere local distinction. Obviously it must be a good thing to cast the energy, skill, and ambition thus restrained into a larger arena, where each quality may have a free course towards something like national reward. What an old idea this is after all! The contestant in Olympian games was animated not by the worth of his laurel crown, which he could make for himself in the nearest shrubbery, but by a craving for honour at the hands of "a great cloud of witnesses," representatives of a nation. To come nearer our own time and country, we see the same thing in the Eisteddfodau of Wales—gatherings which, however they may now have degenerated, were for hundreds of years, an honour to our Celtic neighbours. But old as the idea is, its application as a stimulus to English musical culture comes with all the force of novelty. Are, then, the musical amateurs of England to have their own Olympian games?—their own Eisteddfodau, whereat merit shall be rewarded in the face of the nation? Such is the fact: and such the new enterprise to which the Crystal Palace managers are committed. The prospect before them, and all who are concerned about English music, is now one of high hope. It is also one of great anxiety, seeing that no more delicate task could be entered

upon. A little blunder may spoil all by destroying confidence or exciting opposition in a class of minds peculiarly sensitive and hard to manage. But we will not anticipate failure. As regards things musical, the Crystal Palace knows little save success, and the tact of the past may be counted upon for the future. Now let us examine the outline of operation to which Mr. George Grove has put his name "by order."

"I. An annual series of 'National Music Meetings' will commence about the midsummer of this year. These meetings will be five in number, extending over nearly a fortnight.

"II. The business of the meetings is summed up in the word 'competition.' Choral Societies, Glee, Madrigal, and Part-Song Vocalists, Cathedral and Church Choirs, Military and Volunteer Bands, and Amateur Solo Singers are to struggle with each other, on equal terms, for the prize of superior merit.

"III. The award of merit will be made by a jury chosen by competitors from a council of the most eminent authorities in music.

"IV. The prizes will have an aggregate value of £1500; two-thirds of this amount being devoted to challenge prizes; the remaining third serving as rewards for 'the best performances of the best vocal and instrumental music, on conditions to be hereafter specified.'

"V. The proceeds of the meetings will be partly devoted to the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal Society of Musicians, thus making the enterprise a 'means of supplying funds, which will go towards the education of musicians, and of providing money to be applied to charitable purposes in connection with the art.'

This is the scheme, or rather a mere outline of it, which the Crystal Palace managers believe will arouse a healthy spirit of emulation, furnish a test of merit such as does not now exist, and enable honours to be won of real importance to the winners. In putting it forward they refer to past successes as a ground of hope that the new enterprise "will meet with the hearty support of all who look with favour upon any measure which has for its object the advancement and encouragement of music." For ourselves, after carefully examining the scheme, and estimating its chances of doing harm rather than good, we promise a support which shall be of the heartiest. Against the plan itself there is nothing whatever to be said. It is comprehensive, liberal, and perfectly fair. That it might be abused, like every other good thing, is true, but the men who have it in hand deserve our confidence. Their characters are hostages for honesty and fair play. Further details will soon be given, and upon these much depends. But it is easy to conceive how the mere outline has arrested attention and stimulated hope among amateurs all the country over. Only a little longer need musical flowers blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the air of their native parish. The wished-for "door of utterance" is about to open, and talent, now inglorious, if not mute, may assert itself in the ears of the world. What will come of the opportunity? Shall we see emerge from the ranks of the "great unknown" singers and players who will do honour to their art and country? This may be the result, and for a good chance of bringing forward an Arabella Goddard, or a Sims Reeves, it is worth while to do and suffer much.

VIENNA.—The great musical event of the day is the election of Herr R. Wagner as an honorary member of the Society of the Friends of Music. "The occurrence," observes a correspondent of the *Berlin Echo*, "causes agreeable excitement among the Wagnerites. They see in it an important turn in the musical tendencies of Vienna, and a prospect of the speedy annihilation of the present musical errors." In addition to this, Herbeck and Dessoff have put themselves at the head of the Wagner-Joint-Stock-Company. What Hanslick, in the *Neue Freie Presse*; Schelle, in the *Alle Presse*; and Ambros, in the *Ämtliche Wiener Zeitung*, will have to say upon the subject, is something about which neither the Wagnerites nor the members of the Society will trouble themselves very much. The Society, indeed, have come forward with another concession to modern musical proclivities, having given, on Christmas Eve, fragments from Liszt's oratorio of *Christus*.

LETTERS from St. Petersburg speak in highly eulogistic terms of the success achieved at the Imperial opera by Madame Lucca (Baroness von Rhade). On the 21st ult. she made her *début* before her Russian audience in Gounod's *Faust*. So great was the demand for seats that three days previous to the performance the managers were compelled to announce that not a single ticket was left. Madame Lucca was literally covered with the choicest and most costly bouquets. Some of the more enthusiastic admirers of the accomplished singer called into requisition brooches set with diamonds and sapphires of enormous value, which they placed at her feet. At the end of the performance she was called before the curtain numerous times, the people being almost frantic in their expressions of admiration, and the ovation was only brought to an end by the lights being extinguished. The day after Christmas, the 26th, she sang for the last time in *Mignon*, and set out on her journey back to Berlin on the 28th.



## MUSIC IN BIRMINGHAM DURING 1871.

(From the Birmingham "Morning News," Jan. 5, 1872.)

During the past year we have carefully watched musical doings in Birmingham, and reported the excellence, or want of excellence, of more than fifty concerts and operatic performances. We now propose to look back, and inquire how far our busy town may claim to be distinguished by the epithet "musical."

In one respect Birmingham, for more than a century, has had the reputation of being the first provincial town in the United Kingdom; that is, as the locale of a Triennial Festival, unrivalled in its successfulness whether artistically or commercially. Perhaps the intense interest which is excited by these grand periodical meetings has something to do with the apathy with which some departments of musical art are regarded. In our "Gossip" of the 1st instant, we stated that one society in Liverpool had, during 1871, performed thirteen grand symphonies and forty classical overtures, besides a very large number of oratorios, cantatas, and other works. Birmingham cannot boast of the performance in the whole year of a dozen overtures, unless the overtures which are played before the curtain rises at the theatres, or the essays of amateur young ladies on the pianoforte are counted; nor of more than one complete symphony—that one example being given by a society of amateurs. The gathering together of a band of instrumentalists three or four times in the year to play the accompaniments to an oratorio, or a like number of times for the rendering of orchestral music to a select audience, in a room not at all proportioned to the strength of the band, cannot be said to show much enterprise. At Manchester, Mr. Hallé gives each season twenty concerts, and a rival conductor is now giving a weekly series of "Promenades" with marked success. It is of no use disguising the fact that orchestral music, in its integrity, is altogether ignored by the public of Birmingham; and yet, at the same time, it must be admitted that among the instrumentalists of our town are many men of first-rate abilities in their respective departments. This is not as it ought to be; and we hope the gentlemen concerned will make a strong pull and a pull all together in the right direction, and that our local orchestra will ultimately achieve an honourable reputation. The recent establishment of an association of instrumentalists is an event of promise.

Our Festival Choral Society has given three subscription concerts: the first, a miscellaneous selection, with members of Mr. Mapleson's opera company; the second Sir Julius Benedict's *St. Peter*; and the third, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The society has also assisted at a performance of the *Messiah*, in aid of a church organ fund, and given *Judas Maccabæus*, ostensibly for the benefit of the General Hospital; but we believe the speculation proved a considerable loss to the chorists. It is pleasant to record that the choir of this society is in a more efficient condition than it has ever been previously; but we would urge upon the management the desirability of securing more regular rehearsals with the band, if they wish their performances to be of distinguished excellence.

The Amateur Harmonic Association has given two open rehearsals; at the first, Handel's *Jephtha* was revived, and the association gained honourable mention for the wisdom of the selection and for the manner of performance. The programme, as well as the execution, at the second open rehearsal, was of a mixed quality. Another open rehearsal, announced for the 12th of December, was postponed in consequence of the illness of the Prince of Wales.

In the autumn of 1870, a new vocal musical society was established with the name, "Birmingham Philharmonic Union." Its first public effort was devoted to a performance of Sir Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, in aid of the Postmen's Provident Society, last spring. Later in the year it gave, for the benefit of its own funds, Handel's *Messiah*. On both occasions the choruses were sung in a manner which promises well for future fame. The conductor of this society is our young townsman, Dr. Heap. The University degree possessed by this gentleman was gained in the course of the year, in a manner which reflects honour upon the holder.

Three Saturday morning concerts, designated "Birmingham Orchestra Subscription Concerts," have been given under the conductorship of Mr. T. Anderton, Mus. Bac. They were attended by select, though not numerically small, audiences. The execution of the music has been at times satisfactory; but it is in vain to look for perfection at such performances, unless the rehearsals are regularly continued.

At the Theatre Royal, Mr. Mapleson's company gave, in April, good performances of the *Sonnambula*, the *Zauberflöte*, and *Der Freischütz*; and at the same establishment, Mr. Sims Reeves has appeared five times in English opera.

On two occasions we have been called upon to speak of the performances of the Edgbaston Amateur Musical Union, an instrumental association conducted by Mr. C. J. Duchemin. We were pleased to notice the attention the members paid to the guiding directions of their conductor, and to the marks of expression in the music.

Teachers of singing classes have given concerts for the purpose of displaying the peculiar merits of the systems they adopt. A tonic sol-fa "demonstration" led to a long and rather warm discussion in our columns of the excellences and shortcomings of that system. At a concert given by Mr. C. J. Stevens, the

choruses were entirely sustained by the members of the penny singing classes, connected with the Midland Institute; and a work recently composed by Mr. T. Anderton, Mus. Bac., was performed. Both of the composition and its execution, we at the time expressed good opinions. The meeting of the Schools' Choral Union was an agreeable display of the vocal powers of children.

From artists who devote their energies to the performance of classical chamber music we have had several visits. Early in January, Madame Arabella Goddard, with Messrs. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, played a fine selection at the Town Hall. The three appearances here of Madame Norman-Neruda and Mr. Charles Hallé, were the inauguration of a series, to be continued annually under the management of Messrs. Harrison & Harrison. To this undertaking we wish complete success; and also to a similar one commenced by Mr. John Beresford, at his rooms in Ann Street. The instrumentalists engaged are first-class artists, and we may congratulate lovers of music in Birmingham upon the opportunities thus afforded.

A talented young pianist, Mlle. Heilbron, gave a recital here in March. In May we were favoured by a visit from Herr Carl Reinecke. The programme contained several of Herr Reinecke's works.

We must not forget to notice a Festival which was held in the summer, at Solihull, when a new sacred cantata, *The Song of Deborah and Barak*, by Mr. T. Anderton, Mus. Bac., was performed, and received with favour.

Amongst minor matters we may notice that the claims of sufferers, both in our own country and on the Continent, have induced many amateur musicians to give their services at concerts; and in every instance the result has been substantial aid.

In concluding this summary of musical doings in Birmingham, we may assure our readers that we shall continue to notice whatever we think worthy of notice. Remembering the words of Emmanuel Bach, that "the critic ought to appreciate what is good, wherever it is to be found, or in however small a proportion it may exist," we shall endeavour to encourage the diffident to persevere, keeping moderate censure for the partially incapable, and thorough condemnation for the arrogant.

## SIMS REEVES IN MANCHESTER.

Mr. Reeves sang lately at one of Mr. Hallé's concerts, and the *Guardian* thus at length notices his achievements:—

"If any of Mr. Sims Reeves' admirers had admitted a doubt of their favourite's continued popularity, or of his still possessing the power of charming his hearers, how agreeably disappointed they must have been by his reception and splendid performance last evening! So unanimous and sustained was the cheering when Mr. Reeves appeared; that for some moments he was unable to proceed with his recitative, while he was visibly affected by the astonishing warmth of his reception. As usual, when in this city, he did his best. What that means, no one who admires vocal music need be told; but we think we are only expressing a general opinion, when we say, that in many respects—especially in the marvellous intelligence which he exhibits in his manner of suiting his style to the sentiment he is expressing—he never was so great as now. We have often heard him sing "Deeper, and deeper still," and each time we have seen fresh cause to admire the wonderful manner in which he has on every successive occasion shown that study had enabled him to develop new beauties. Instead of repeating his songs by rote,—as a singer is too often tempted to do when, perhaps, he is called upon for a hundredth performance of the same music—Mr. Reeves, like a true artist, seems by repetition to discover effects which before had not suggested themselves. Never were the varying emotions of a father, bound by the necessities of a cruel vow to kill an only daughter, so splendidly portrayed as in the recitative and air from *Jephtha*. In years gone by, many who remembered the celebrated Braham's singing were loth to admit equal excellence in his legitimate successor; but we know more than one who were induced by Mr. Reeves' singing of the *scena*—which was one of Braham's greatest efforts—to recant their opinions. After this splendid performance, Blumenthal's "Message" was received with great marks of favour. Doubtless the suggestiveness of its theme is its chief recommendation in the mind of the singer, and certainly no one else could produce an equal effect in the same song. In the old English nautical lullaby, "Tom Bowling," Mr. Reeves again showed his power to reach the heart. No vocalist ever draws together such an audience in this city as Mr. Sims Reeves, who has but to show himself on the platform to secure the heartiest and most overwhelming reception. Nor is he insensible to the kindly feeling displayed towards him by Manchester audiences. Nothing less than absolute necessity ever prevents him from appearing when announced; and when present no effort on his part is wanting to do justice to himself and to delight his friends. He showed his appreciation of their kindness last evening by readily accepting an encore, after singing "Tom Bowling," for which he substituted "Come into the garden, Maud."

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE TWELFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON,  
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 15th, 1872,  
*To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.*

### Programme.

#### PART I.

QUARTET, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mlle CARRENO, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*  
SONG, "Lascia ch'io pianga"—Miss FENNEL ... *Handel.*  
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2, for pianoforte alone—Mlle. CARRENO ... *Beethoven.*

#### PART II.

SERENADE TRIO, in D major, for violin, viola, and violoncello (by desire)—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*  
SONG, "The mighty trees bend,"—Miss FENNEL ... *Schubert.*  
QUARTET, in C major, Op. 33, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS and PIATTI ... *Haydn.*  
Conductor ... *Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.*  
Stalls, 5s. Balcony, 3s. Admission, 1s.

### THE ANNUAL SERIES OF SEVEN

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

### SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,

JANUARY 27, FEBRUARY 3, 10, 17, 24, MARCH 2 and 9.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 27, 1872.

*To commence at Three o'clock precisely.*

### Programme.

QUINTET, in D major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*  
SONG, Mr. SIMS REEVES ...  
SUITE DE PIÈCES, in E major (containing "The Harmonious Blacksmith") for pianoforte alone. (by desire)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... *Handel.*  
SONATA, in G major, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI ... *Boccherini.*  
SONG, Mr. SIMS REEVES ...  
QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 3, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*  
Conductor ... *Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.*

Subscription for the Seven Concerts to the Sofa Stalls, £1 10s., at Chappell & Co's, 50, New Bond Street.

Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will be the pianist on Monday Evenings, January 29, March 18, and on Saturday Afternoon, January 27. Mr. CHARLES HALL performs on Monday Evening, January 22, and on Saturday Afternoon, February 3. Madame NORMAN-NERUDA will be the violinist on Monday Evenings, January 15, 22, 29, and on Saturday Afternoons, January 27, and February 3. Madame SCHEMANN will appear on Monday Evenings, February 5, and 12, and on Saturday Afternoon, February 10. HERR JOACHIM makes his first appearance this season, on Monday Evening, February 19, and will perform every Monday Evening till Easter. Violoncello, Signor PIATTI; viola, Herr STRAUS and Mr. ZERBINI; second violin, Herr L. RIES; Conductors, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr. ZERBINI.

### BIRTH.

On Saturday, Jan. 6, at 35, Great Marlborough Street, the wife of STANLEY LUCAS, Esq., of a son.

### MARRIAGE.

On the 30th ult., at the parish church of St. Marylebone, by the Rev. Chas. J. Goodey, W. J. MONTAIGNE, Esq., of 3, Torrington Street, Torrington Square, to SARAH GEORGINA ELLEN, eldest daughter of W. H. HOLMES, Esq., of 36, Beaumont Street, Portland Place. No cards.

### DEATH.

On the 5th inst., at Croom's Hill, Greenwich, HENRY MORLEY, musician, of Greenwich and Blackheath, in the 68th year of his age. Friends will please kindly accept this intimation.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JULES DE GLIMES (Brussels).—Mille remerciements, cher ami, de ton aimable souvenir. Les "vœux" sont reciproqués de vrai cœur. J. W. D. aussi te salue, et te donne rendezvous aux prochaines "Fêtes de Beethoven," qui vont être célébrées à Bonn dans le mois d'Août, 1870. Le concert de piano (sol majeur) sera joué par A. G.

JOSEPH TEMPEST BOOBLE.—No. Mozart died in 1791, in the month of December. In every other respect Mr. Booble is wrong. Mendelssohn only wrote two pianoforte concertos, neither of which were in F minor. Sterndale Bennett never wrote a concerto for oboe—or, at any rate, never published one. Perhaps Mr. Booble was thinking of Mr. O. K. May.

SAMUEL TOPER TABLE.—Miss Kitty Glass has for some time (being in dudgeon) ceased to contribute stanzas to the *Musical World*. In other respects Mr. Table has been strangely misinformed. First, Mr. Shirley Brooks is not the author of *Rantherpe*; secondly, Mozart was not born at Vienna, but at Salzburg; thirdly, and lastly, the committee to which Mr. Table refers consisted of nine, not eleven members, viz.: Squire Good, Farmer Point, Farmer Square, Admiral Wink of the North, Doctors Bump, Evil, Cross, Badd, and Shipping. The last member elected on the committee was Dr. Shipping, who knows a vast deal more about Dussek than Mr. Table, with all his (Table's) swagger.

### NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872.

### SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSIC.

OUR readers will hardly need to be told that we have criticised with severity, but, we hope, not with injustice, the doings of those who hold sway in musical matters at South Kensington. The reasons upon which criticism was based still exist; but it is not our intention to indulge in vain "repetitions." A protest, once made, remains, and relieves the protester from all manner of responsibility; so that, as far as we are concerned, the issue now rests between the South Kensington officials and the public, whose stewards they are. This, however, does not hinder us from expressing satisfaction at any proof of wisdom which the "department," or its advisers, may show. It rather involves an obligation to give ample credit for such proof, that no one may suspect the existence of prejudice. When, therefore, South Kensington acts wisely we shall take care to let the fact be known as far as our influence extends. The news will evoke surprise and pleasure—emotions which, when mixed, make a delightful compound. A case in point happily lies to hand.

Though continued advertising for "Voices" proves that our metropolitan amateurs are slow to answer the call of the "Deputy Commissioner for Music," it appears that enough have been got together to justify active operations. With the notification of this fact are published some particulars of the operations themselves, and it is to these particulars we would call attention. In the first place, the Albert Hall Choral Society declines, for the present, to occupy ground already taken up by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and other associations, for the performance of oratorio music. "Compositions," says an official notice, "requiring the co-operation of the orchestra lie beyond the proposed scope of the Society's operations; and, therefore, all works not purely choral will be accompanied on the organ, with the addition, possibly, in some instances, of instruments of brass and of percussion." Herein the managers show good sense. They evade a contest with formidable opponents, and take up ground which can hardly be said to have had a tenant since Mr. Leslie employed his



finely-trained choir upon oratorios, and Mr. Barnby's concerts developed into concerts with an orchestra. It is, no doubt, a greater achievement to produce an oratorio than an unaccompanied Psalm or Motet, and natural ambition suggests that the greater should be done. But we, in common with not a few others, have long regretted to find a most useful and interesting field of operations used merely as a highway to something beyond. The Albert Hall Choral Society promises to halt in that field, and to work it for the public benefit. We shall see how the promise will be kept; meanwhile, here is the first instalment of the wealth to be developed:—

"Kyrie" from Mass "Oregem Coeli" ... ..	Palestrina.
Motet, "O Jesus my Lord" ... ..	Bach.
"Adorate," Hymn to the Holy Sacrament ... ..	
Chorus, "O fili et filia" ... ..	Leisring.
"Ave Verum" ... ..	Mozart.
"O Sanctissima" ... ..	
"Belle, qui tiens ma vie" (Pavane due 14th siècle)	
"Dans notre village" (Chanson du 17th siècle)	
"Aime Moi, Bergin" ... ..	Lefèvre.
Grand Te Deum ... ..	Gounod.

From the store whence these interesting excerpts are drawn, hundreds of others equally interesting are attainable, and the Albert Hall Choral Society will go far to obtain more favour than it now enjoys, should the task of bringing them forward be carried on with industry and skill.

Having done justice to the good sense and wise resolve of South Kensington so far; we must go on to show how easily better sense and wiser resolve were possible. It is notorious that the appointment of a foreigner to the conductorship of the Society, has given dissatisfaction. The managers must be aware of this fact, and common sense must have suggested the necessity of placable measures. And yet they now issue a programme which ignores the existence of English music. Nothing could be more unfortunate, because an opportunity of doing a graceful act has been lost, and because it so happens that the department in which the Choral Society will work is peculiarly rich in contributions of English art. We will not insult the memories of Henry Purcell, Orlando Gibbons, Dr. Croft, and Samuel Wesley—to name but a few of those who might be named—by saying that their works are more worthy of attention than old French ballads. These men have written sacred music such as should live in the memories and affections of their countrymen. Why, then, in the name of justice—to say nothing of policy—are they ignored by the sample programme of Albert Hall? The question, perhaps, may easily be answered, seeing that the concoctors of that programme are a body of amateurs and a foreign composer. M. Gounod, it is said, will settle among us. We are honoured by his resolution to do so; and we should feel further honoured if he would go through a course of study in English sacred music. To whet his appetite, let him begin with S. Wesley's "In exitu Israel." M. Gounod is not only an accomplished musician, but a man of genius also, and quite capable of appreciating it.

(To the Editor of the "Sunday Times.")

SIR,—In your report of the inaugural performance of the pantomime of *The Bronze Horse*, at "the Victoria Palace Theatre," your reporter assigns the composition and selection of the music to Mr. Gray. In justice to yourself and to me inform the public, through your valuable medium, that the composition, arrangement, and entire selection of the music incidental to the pantomime is the work of yours faithfully,

WILLIAM COX.

Composer and Director of the Music to the  
"Victoria Palace Theatre."

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Herr Joachim Raff's music has penetrated to the United States. At a recent concert in Steinway Hall, given by the "Church Music Association," the overture constructed by Herr Raff, on the well-known Lutheran choral, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott"—which J. S. Bach, Mendelssohn (*Reformation Symphony*), Meyerbeer (*Huguenots*), and even Otto Nicolai, in a "Festival Overture," have treated with more or less ingenuity—was a prominent feature. An intelligent writer in *Watson's Art Journal* speaks of the overture as follows:—

"As regards the overture by Raff, we do not feel in a position to speak of its merits decidedly, having heard it but once. Our impressions of it are not very favourable, judging of it as a vehicle for the development of the grand old chorale. It seemed to us to be very laboured, as though the claims of the chorale were oppressive, and prevented all spontaneity. It did not strike us as strongly coherent; in fact, we did not thoroughly comprehend its plan. We recognized individual points of great beauty, and listened to the masterly instrumentation with unqualified delight. We only give our impressions, not presuming to pass judgment upon a work of such importance after only a casual hearing."

#### ARABELLA GODDARD AND SIMS REEVES AT THE "LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS"

(From the "Sunday Times.")

"St. James's Hall was filled on Wednesday night by an audience as enthusiastic as could well be desired. The attractions were great. In the first place, Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Sims Reeves were among the performers, and in the mood to do their very best. Madame Goddard selected Thalberg's Fantasia on *Don Giovanni*, and that by Sir J. Benedict on "Where the Bee sucks"—both compositions as familiar as they are excellent, and both, it is superfluous to say, being played with the brilliancy which has, time and again, showed that had not Madame Arabella Goddard elected to prefer classical music she might have out-Thalberged her old master Thalberg himself. Both fantasias were encored, and, after the *Don Giovanni*, Madame Goddard was compelled to seat herself again at the piano, when she gave the same composer's fantasia on 'Home, sweet home' in compliance with an uproarious demand. Mr. Reeves' songs were 'The Message,' 'Tom Bowling,' and a new patriotic ditty by J. W. Elliott, entitled 'Long live the Prince of Wales.' As a matter of course, all were asked for again, and so imperatively that even the arch-enemy of encores twice submitted; replacing 'Tom Bowling' by 'Come into the garden, Maud,' and repeating the loyal effusion. Mr. Reeves sang to absolute perfection, and never, we should say, had a song like that of Mr. Elliot's a more auspicious introduction, or one more naturally followed by a demonstration of sympathy which united the entire audience in act as well as feeling. Everybody rose and remained standing till the song was ended."

BRESLAU.—The new Stadttheater is fast approaching completion. A meeting of the shareholders was held lately, when Herr Schwemer was accepted, by a large majority of votes, as manager, that gentleman having been the manager of the theatre which was destroyed by fire.

LEIPZIG.—The manager of the Stadttheater has applied, but in vain, for permission to perform Herr R. Wagner's *Walkyre*. The copyright belongs to the King of Bavaria.

OBERSAMMERGAU.—The pecuniary results of the *Passionspiel* have far exceeded all expectations. The total receipts amounted to 62,000 florins. Of these, 20,700 florins were distributed among the performers.

STOCKHOLM.—On the 2nd December, the Royal Conservatory celebrated the centenary of its foundation. The ceremony was held in the grand hall of the Knights' House. A solemn hymn by M. Josephson inaugurated the proceedings. The chairman of the Conservatory, Prince Oscar, then made a speech, in which, after referring to other topics, he spoke of the spread of music in Sweden. The second part of the programme contained a variety of interesting compositions. Among the persons present were the Queen Dowager; the Duke and Duchess of Dalecarlia; delegates from the provinces and Norway, &c.

MILAN.—The Scala opened on the 26th ult., with Verdi's *Forza del Destino*, the principal characters being sustained by Signore Stolz, Waldmann, Signori Fancelli, Pandolfini, Pantaleoni, and Maini.—Signor Tito di Gio Ricordi has commissioned Signor Alberto Giovannini to write an opera, for which Signor Riccardo Castelvecchio has supplied the libretto. There is some talk of erecting, in a central part of the city, a vast new theatre, capable of containing 6000 spectators. The estimated expense is 600,000 lire, of which Signor Ercole Penelli would contribute 200,000 lire.

## A LOYAL ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

The following loyal and dutiful address to Her Majesty was unanimously passed at the Christmas General Meeting of the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain:—

## To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

"The Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain, in General Meeting assembled, desire most humbly to approach your Majesty with feelings of joy, respect, and loyal devotion, in congratulating your Majesty on the convalescence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

"In sorrow and affliction, it has ever been the high privilege of the divine art of music to soothe the weary and to be the means of delivering the poor that cry.\* This Society looks back with pride, and recollects the constant—it might with sincerity add affectionate—interest with which your Majesty and your Majesty's predecessors have, from the time of Handel, watched its progress and the beneficent nobility of the profession of music. Therefore it renders it peculiarly the province of the Musicians of this land to tender their homage, and sing the praises of God's mercy in sparing to the nation their beloved Prince, your Majesty's son.

"Before commencing the duties this day (of ministering to the wants of their necessitous brethren, their widows and orphans), the Members of this Society, venture to express their respectful sympathy with your Majesty, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, H.R.H. the Princess Louis of Hesse, H.R.H. the Princess Christian, H.R.H. the Princess Louise, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and the rest of your Majesty's family, during the sad long hours of the past month, and to anticipate many happy returns of the forthcoming new year, crowded with the blessings, the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain (in common with the rest of your people) pray may be showered around your Majesty's throne.

By order.

STANLEY LUCAS, Secretary."

"Christmas General Meeting,  
12, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W."

## ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

(From the "Musical Standard")

The retirement of Mr. John Goss from the post of organist at our Metropolitan Cathedral is too important an event to be passed over with a mere chronicle of the change. The occupant of this position has to bear a far greater responsibility than that of the organists of our provincial cathedrals. In most of these latter, the congregations are small, and, perhaps, not very critical; but St. Paul's Cathedral is the ecclesiastical cynosure of the first city in the world, its congregations are always large, and the performance of the music at its services is frequently and minutely criticised, both by those who are capable of forming a correct judgment, and also by would be "Daniels," whose general haziness is on a par with their incompetence. Independently of mere executive ability, the organist of St. Paul's has something more to do than the task of conducting two daily services at the Cathedral; he is expected to occupy a high place among the musicians of London, to be an authority on questions relating to his art, and, finally, to possess the faculty of using his pen to enrich, at least, the stores of Church music.

There can be no question but that the organist who now retires has occupied this distinguished position with conspicuous ability; all who take an interest in music know how thoroughly he has discharged his duties for the space of the last thirty-three years. His tasteful playing and skilful accompaniment of the old cathedral anthems will not readily be forgotten by those who have heard him; as a teacher, umpire, and authority on musical matters, he has earned the respect of all; while his writings include a system of harmony, organ voluntaries and arrangements, anthems, services, glees, works on hymnody and chanting, and compositions in other branches of the art. This is not the place, nor is there really any necessity to dwell on the excellency of Mr. Goss's works, they are widely known and fully appreciated; it is not too much to say that his elegant, flowing, and expressive vocal style has hardly been excelled by any cathedral writer that we can call to mind.

Times change; those who have the power of looking ahead can plainly see that the present energetic members of St. Paul's Chapter are determined not to lag behind in the marked Church revival which is everywhere going on around us. By their additional services, and other plans, they are endeavouring to set their house in order, so as to be able to give a good account of their work before the inevitable day of disestablishment comes. Mr. Goss has seen many changes, he is no longer a young vigorous man, and so he retires from active work at the Cathedral. We rejoice, however, to add that he will still hold the honourable title of "Organist to St. Paul's," and still retain the emoluments attached to this office. In his retirement he carries with him the esteem and love of not a few of those who have been associated with him in the musical services held under Sir Christopher Wren's glorious dome. We but echo the wishes of all when we express a hope that his life may be long spared, and that his release from work may afford ample opportunity for the exercise of his facile pen.

\* The motto of the Society.

## PAULINE LUCCA AT BERLIN.

(From the "Neuer Theater-Diener.")

We have just had a rich operatic week, despite certain derangements in the bills. On Monday, the 16th ult., after having been unacted for years, *Carlo Broschi* (as Auber's comic opera, *La Part du Diable* is here called), the heroine in which was first created for Berlin by Leopoldine Tuczeck, was to have been revived with Pauline Lucca. All the tickets were taken, that is, the jobbers had driven a roaring trade, but—

"Ach da kam ein rother Zettel;  
Carlo Broschi war erkrankt!" \*

and thus many an extra thaler that had found its way into the pockets of the ticket-dealers, without *La Part du Diable* being given, still became the Devil's Share; for, at the pay place, the holders of course had only the regular price returned, exactly what the jobber had laid out. On such evenings, we need scarcely say, there is not the vestige of a ticket-seller in the neighbourhood of the Operahouse, for some one or other of those who have been bitten might hit upon the strange notion of presenting his five-thaler ticket at the breast of a member of the fraternity, and demanding his money back. Instead of *Carlo Broschi*, Mozart's *Così fan Tutte* was performed on the evening in question. The change contented a few real musical connoisseurs, but not the people with the dearly bought tickets, who wanted to hear and see Lucca. It was not, however, till Thursday, the 19th, that their yearnings were gratified, and that the genial imp, Pauline Asmodeus, appeared before a house without a vacant place in it, and, as the said imp sprang in the first act, from the brushwood concealing the foot of the Devil's Oak, that spreads out its roots in the neighbourhood of a nunnery. The little demon looked most charming, in his black and red costume, and magical indeed was the effect, when he gave the melodious song, so distinguished for its beauty, and its fancy, to the merciful Madonna, a melody capable of throwing into a partially satisfactory mental condition the but slightly sane King Ferdinand IV. of Spain. Was it, however, Ferdinand IV., whose melancholy madness was alleviated by the celebrated soprano singer, Farinelli (Carlo Broschi)? According to our impression, it was Phillip V., and his wife's name was Maria Theresa of Portugal, and not Elizabeth. This royal couple were succeeded by Ferdinand VI., and then by Charles III., on the Spanish throne, and with them, also, Farinelli was in high favour. But, as far as we know, the reason of these sovereigns was not obscured by madness, and Carlo Broschi had no opportunity of curing them by his singing. We will not, however, quarrel with the late M. Scribe, about a possible historical blunder, but willingly acknowledge that he displayed much cleverness and imagination, in adapting the story of the great singer and the sick king to the requirements of comic opera. Mdle. Lucca sang and acted the part of Broschi with eminent virtuosity, and everyone who saw what Mad. Tuczeck did in the same character must confess that Mdme. Lucca surpassed her predecessor in more than one respect. . . . In Broschi's last air, the first number of the last act, Mdme. Lucca introduced, in a gracefully imagined *point d'orgue*, a chromatic scale executed with faultless precision.

VENICE.—At the Fenice, *Mignon*, by M. Ambroise Thomas, has proved an utter failure.

BRUSSELS.—Signor Pollini will give a short series of operatic performances with his Italian company, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, next March. Madame Artôt-Padilla will be the *prima donna*.

THE Italian journal, *La Fanfulla*, thus makes two men discourse about Wagner's operas:—"Well, what do you think of this music?"—"Tis the music of the future; that is to say, it anticipates the future. It makes me go to sleep at nine o'clock, and my habit is to keep awake till twelve."

A rich but ignorant lady of Boston, who was ambitious that her conversation should be up to the transcendental style, in speaking of a friend, said: "He is a paragram of politeness!" "Excuse me," said a wag sitting next to her, "but do you not mean a parallelogram?" "Of course I mean a parallelogram," replied the ambitious lady; "how could I have made such a mistake?"

\* "But behold; see you red posters;  
Carlo Broschi was not well."

In Berlin, red posters are employed to notify the sudden indisposition of an artist, &c., at the Theatres Royal.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

A temporary deprivation of their usual weekly feast seems to have whetted the appetite of Mr. Arthur S. Chappell's patrons, the resumption of these concerts on Monday last being attended by a crowd which completely filled St. James's Hall. Some special interest marked the event, owing to the first appearance this season of Herr Straus, an artist who has been long and honourably identified with the enterprise. It is quite unnecessary to urge Herr Straus's claims as a classical violinist; they are well known, and everywhere cheerfully acknowledged. We must, however, now that he has come among us once more, do justice to the thoroughly artistic spirit shown by his willingness to render help, not only as "leader," but also as subordinate. The fact that

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well thy part—there all the honour lies"

is not so universally admitted that we can afford to pass by a conspicuous example of belief in its truth. On Monday, Herr Straus appeared as leader, and received the warm welcome which was his due.

The programme, if it included no novelty, comprised much of interest, opening, for example, with Beethoven's Quartet in E flat (No. 10)—the so-called "Harfen-Quartett" of German musicians, whose passion for inventing nicknames seems to stand but little provocation. The work, familiar though it must have been, was not, we may safely declare, more familiar than welcome. It is "hard hearing" unquestionably; but even in the elaborations of the first movement there are passages which fall delightfully upon the untrained sense. As for the Adagio—one of Beethoven's most "religious" slow movements—it cannot but touch the heart of every listener; just as the final Allegretto, with its fanciful variations, cannot but excite wondering admiration. Much of the charm of the Quartet as a whole may arise from its position on the borderland of the "style" exemplified in its successors. Now on this side, now on that, of the line, Beethoven keeps the imagination ever alert and eager to follow into the unknown region of which he gives an occasional glimpse. The work was capitally played, and, at its close, the artists were recalled. Mr. Hallé fully exhibited the characteristics of his style in Beethoven's E minor Sonata (Op. 90)—a delicious specimen of the period to which the Quartet in E flat belongs. Nothing could be more finished than his rendering of the music; but, if Schindler be correct, and Beethoven intended the Sonata as an illustration of Count Lichnowski's love, either an important point was overlooked, or that nobleman's passion was regarded as only a tranquil emotion. Mr. Hallé was recalled amid applause, fairly earned by an exhibition of rare manipulative skill. Signor Piatti repeated the sonata in D minor of Veracini, given by him some weeks ago; and we must assume, given now, as then, for want of a better. But, though the music might have been improved, the playing was faultless. Such execution reflects greatness upon the subject of it, and can make the doubtful coins of art—Veracini's sonata to wit—pass current. The final Allegro (Giga) was encored, and repeated. Beethoven's septet, interpreted by Messrs. Straus, Zerbin, Lazarus, C. Harper, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti, brought the concert to an end—how, we need not say, any more than we need tell with what delight the audience heard their favourite for the twenty-third time. The vocalist, Miss Alice Fairman, brought forward Sir Julius Benedict's pathetic new ballad, "Little Baby's gone to sleep," and Schumann's "The Noblest," both these and Signor Piatti's sonata being accompanied by Sir Julius in his well-known perfect manner.

## THE PAREPA-ROSA TROUPE.

This company has recently gone the round of Michigan State, and we read as follows in the *Detroit Free Press* :—

"THE OPERA HOUSE.—The Parepa-Rosa English Opera Troupe commenced a season of three nights last evening. As soon as the doors were opened a rush commenced, and for more than an hour the space in front was blockaded with carriages and people on foot, coming from every direction, each striving to gain the advantage of his neighbour in reaching the entrance.

"Parepa played Martha, of course, and when she came down the stage, smiling acknowledgment of the magnificent reception given her, there was a tumult of applause. How soon everybody recognized and rejoiced in the fact that her grand voice—fit exponent of the art which has been said to be divine—was still all her own! Not the shadow of defect was visible, and Parepa seemed to comprehend at a glance that great things were expected of her. How she met those expectations is perhaps best told by the enthusiasm which, before the close of the performance, was shorn of all restraint, the only limit being the

capacity of the audience to give expression. Full of life, and without an apparent trace of the illness which not long ago was the cause of grave apprehensions, she sang the music and compassed the acting of Martha in the most delightfully spirited manner. The impression left by her performance was one of unalloyed pleasure, and the public will impatiently await her next.

"Mr. Castle, whose voice and acting had long ago made him the favourite of the public everywhere, appeared as Lionel, a rôle in which most of those present had often heard him before, and therefore knew what pleasure was in store.

"Plunkett is one of Mr. S. C. Campbell's best parts, and he has made it a favourite wherever he is known, or music appreciated.

"Mrs. Zelda Seguin was a charming Nancy. The part is one for which she is admirably adapted. The music is just within happy range of her rich contralto; and notwithstanding the great size of the Opera-house, and the consequent strain upon the voice, she passed the ordeal with the highest success.

"The Tristan of Mr. Seguin was a capital piece of "old man" acting, and it is the fault of the part, not of the artist, that there is no music in it worth mentioning.

"Mr. Hall made the Sheriff very funny, especially in the market scene, and conscientiously did all that could well be done.

"The chorus was one of the strongest and best managed that has ever appeared on a Detroit stage. The orchestra is unusually full, and, under the experienced conduct of Carl Rosa, constitutes, as it certainly ought, one of the strongest points of this company, whose list embraces some of the most renowned singers in the world.

"La Gazza Ladra will be produced for the first time in Detroit this evening, when Madame Vanzini, the eminent American *prima donna*, is to make her *début*. The presentation of this opera will also be the occasion for the first appearance in this city of the distinguished tenor, Tom Karl. The remainder of the cast includes Mr. Campbell, Mrs. Seguin, Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Messrs. Whiffen, Hall, and Ryse."

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Sunday Times* (last issue), thus sensibly prefaces its remarks on Mr. J. Boosey's excellent "London Ballad Concerts":—

"The sixth season of these entertainments began in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, under the experienced direction of Mr. John Boosey. Having recorded this fact, we hope nobody will expect us to follow on with a discussion of the legitimacy and precise artistic value of ballad concerts. After six seasons, any arguments upon that matter can hardly come with desirable freshness. Besides, the public have made up their minds, and show by the support they extend to Mr. Boosey, that he is doing a work which meets their wants and suits their tastes. Let us, however, declare once more that we are wholly unable to sympathise with those who exclaim against ballad concerts as objectionable. A ballad may not be the highest achievement of musical art, but it is not a bad thing on that account. Indeed, a good ballad is a good thing, and ought not to be despised by those devotees of 'high art,' who should rather try to make one than spend time in vituperating others who do their best to gratify an obvious public want."

In noticing the first of Mr. Boosey's "London Ballad Concerts" the *Daily Telegraph* makes the following remarks about Madame Arabella Goddard's performances:—

"Some concerted pieces agreeably varied the programme, as did, still more emphatically, Thalberg's *fantasia* for pianoforte on *Don Giovanni*, and Sir Julius Benedict's charming transcription of 'Where the bee sucks.' These sterling examples of the 'brilliant' school were perfectly played by Madame Arabella Goddard, to whom nothing, grave or gay, lively or severe, comes amiss. Madame Goddard's execution of Thalberg's piece excited an uncommon enthusiasm and was unanimously re-demanded. The accomplished artist, however, substituted her old master's elaborate version of 'Home, sweet home.'"

The *Standard*, in a very interesting notice of Mr. Boosey's first "London Ballad Concert," speaks as follows about the pianoforte playing of Madame Arabella Goddard:—

"The crowning features of the concert were the delightful performances of our queen of pianists, Madame Arabella Goddard. Although it is well known that her proclivities are for classical music, no artist knows better how with a good grace to descend from a lofty pedestal and sympathise with the natural but untutored tastes of large audiences. The *tours de force* by which she fixes their attention invariably give place to the exhibition of higher qualities, and it is almost impossible for any one to listen to her performances of *fantasias* without experiencing a desire to be led by her subtle genius to the appreciation of the truly beautiful in art. Sonatas may be out of place at a ballad concert, but we should not be surprised to find that the engagement of Madame Arabella Goddard will lead to the introduction of a better class of instrumental music than has yet been attempted. The reception of Madame Goddard was of the most enthusiastic description, and her performances were occasions for complete ovations."



## PROVINCIAL.

CHICHESTER.—A correspondent writes us word that:—

"Messrs. Young and Burrows of the Cathedral gave a very successful concert in the Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday evening last. The artists were Madame Thaddeus Wells, Mr. Henry Nicholson, Mr. S. Hughes, Mr. Mellor and Mr. Orlando Christian. Several glees and part songs were well executed by Messrs. Young, Burrows, Mellor, and Christian, and instrumental solos for flute and ophicleide were loudly applauded. Randegger's trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, *I Naviganti*, was well rendered by Madame Wells, and Messrs. Mellor and Christian, and heartily encored; the same compliment was awarded to Madame Wells for her exquisite rendering of 'Lo! hear the gentle lark,' Bishop. Flute *obligato*, Mr. H. Nicholson. Mr. Christian gave 'The Desert' (Emmanuel) with his usual success, and 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' was introduced before the National Anthem."

ROCHESTER.—A correspondent has sent us the following:—

"A performance of Mr. George Tolhurst's oratorio, *Ruth*, took place in the New Corn Exchange, Rochester, on Wednesday, 27th December, before a numerous audience. The principal vocalists were Madame Clara Suter, Miss Florence Ashton, Miss Worth, Miss Arabella Tolhurst, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Armes. Principal violin, Mr. Millen; the composer conducting. The accompaniments were rendered with great success by the orchestral band of the Royal Engineers, from Brompton, under the able direction of their well-known bandmaster, Herr Sawerthals, who himself conducted the overture to the oratorio with excellent effect. The choruses were carefully delivered by the Chatham Choral Society, and were all received with applause. Mme. Suter, though suffering from a cold, delivered her solos with animation; 'Let me find favour in Thy sight' being encored. In the duet, 'Surely we will return with thee,' she was joined by Miss Florence Ashton, and in the trio, 'Ossah left Naomi,' by Miss Arabella Tolhurst. This latter was repeated. Miss Ashton's solos were given with much expression, and she rendered very valuable aid in the concerted pieces. The two trios and quartet are among the very best numbers of this work, which it is only fair to the composer to say increases in popularity every time it is heard. The *presto scena*, 'Hearst thou not my daughter,' with its florid and difficult orchestral accompaniments, was capably sung by Mr. Herbert, a local tenor possessing a voice of excellent range and power; the band parts being brought out with great precision. To Mr. Armes, the favourite *basso* from the cathedral choir, was entrusted the music of the 'Overseer that was set over the reapers,' and he acquitted himself with more than usual ability. 'It is the Moabitish damsel,' the second of his two solos, was very artistically sung, and drew forth a burst of well merited applause. The general impression created by this performance was decidedly favourable to Mr. Tolhurst. That the choruses are, in some instances, slightly attenuated, there can be no doubt; but it is no less clear that there are indications of power neither few nor far between in others that it is impossible to ignore. The thinness, especially noticeable in the opening numbers, disappears as the work proceeds, and the freshness of melody with which the work everywhere abounds, is sufficient of itself to cover a multitude of constructional anomalies, even supposing such features were more numerous and prominent than they really are. From what has transpired, we gather that there will be other opportunities of hearing this work, and we shall not therefore remark more at length upon its effects on the public till those opportunities occur."

The *Western Morning News* of December 30th says:—

"Last evening the Penzance Choral Society, assisted by a band of thirty performers, and the splendid organ in St. John's Hall, Penzance, gave Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. The principal bass part was sustained by Mr. R. Hilton, vicar choral of Westminster Abbey. Miss Vingoe took the soprano part, Mrs. Nunn, the contralto, and Mr. Sampson, the tenor (Obadiah). The hall was crowded. The overture represented the efficiency of the band, which was such as West Cornwall cannot hope to listen to very frequently. Mr. Hilton opened with the message of *Elijah* to Ahab, and shewed himself thoroughly at home by his easy and graceful delivery. In 'Is not His word like a fire?' he vied with the band in producing a truly dramatic effect. Miss Vingoe has improved immensely, and promises to make an excellent singer. Mrs. Nunn gave 'O rest in the Lord' in a most graceful manner, receiving strong approbation. Mr. Sampson sustained his part with uncommon ability. The part of the youth was excellently sung by Master Cay, son of Commander Cay, R.N., of Penzance. The choir were in good training, 'Thanks be to God' being a fine example of their singing. The organ was played with much skill by Mr. R. White, jun., and Mr. Nunn shewed himself the same indefatigable conductor he has always been."

EXON.—A musical and literary entertainment has been given in the girl's school-room, in aid of the St. John's Church organ fund. The Rev. John Shephard was in the chair, and Mr. J. H. Gower presided at the pianoforte.

MARLOW.—The Christmas concert of the Marlow Choral Society took place in the music hall, on the 28th ult. The *Messiah* was given, with Miss Alice Ryall, Mrs. Stansfield, Mrs. Knatchbull, the Rev. D. Cree, Messrs. Wethered, Islip, and Bowles, as principal vocalists. Miss Fowler presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. Ringrose conducted.

### Vines for Music.

#### A CANTATA.

With winter's blust'ring wind and storm,  
From strand to strand,  
The shadow of an Angel's form  
Swept o'er the land.

Hushed was all sound of joy and mirth  
Beneath the spell  
Of the dread visitant of earth  
None can repel.

With outstretched hand the Angel stood  
Beside a couch,  
Eager to still a young heart's blood  
With his chill touch.—

Eager to seize, and in his rigid grasp—  
England's delight—her darling son to clasp,  
Long was the strife; though silently it waged,  
Countless the thousands in the strife engaged,  
Countless uplifted hands besought for aid  
Against the Angel's power—e'en foemen prayed  
And supplicated God, he might be spared,  
Who in the nation's heart all homage shared.

#### PRAYER OF SOLDIERS.

Almighty God, on bended knee,  
We offer up our prayer to Thee,  
Spare him to us, in mercy spare,  
Our Prince, for whom we dangers dare,  
We fight for him—we'd die for him,  
Almighty God, oh! hear our prayer.

#### SAILORS.

Lord of the wind and wave  
Deign our loved Prince to save—  
All lives are in Thy hand,  
Fate is but Thy command.  
God save the true and brave.

#### CIVILIANS.

Omnipotent Creator! through Whose only Son  
All deeds of mercy in the world are done,  
Humbly we kneel before Thy Throne above,  
Imploring life on earth to him we love.

The Angel daunted in the fray,  
Loosed his prey;  
The Shadow, dreaded night and day,  
Passed away.

#### THANKSGIVING.

Glory to God on high  
Glad voices raise,  
To realms beyond the sky,  
In hymns of praise.  
While cannons roar,  
The deaf'ning cry prevails  
From shore to shore,  
Long live the Prince of Wales!

WALTER MAYNARD.

THE *Boston Post* says that a man in Troy left a boarding house just because a rat bit off his ear. When people get to be that particular about trifles, they ought to quit boarding and go to keeping house.

## ACTORS AND ACTORS.

We have spoken so warmly and often in praise of the legitimate poetical drama, and in favour of some effort for its furtherance, that we are bound in consistency to welcome any attempt at its revival. Welcome, however, does not necessarily imply faith in success, and we may wish a thing well without being inclined to risk anything on its chances. Such an experiment as that inaugurated some months since at the Gaiety commanded, to a great extent, both sympathy and good wishes, but was far from fulfilling the conditions on which to risk our judgment. That the public regards the poetical drama, under ordinary circumstances and conditions, with indifference, is true. That we find it hard to blame them for so doing is scarcely less true. Under what conditions are poetical dramas now offered to their approval? Under such as flood the whole with ridicule.

Englishmen do not neglect Shakspeare. The cry of want of appreciation of Shakspeare raised in certain quarters, because experiments in Shakspeare come to grief, is altogether meaningless. Men read Shakspeare in their closets, and our language and literature are influenced by his thoughts to an extent that shows us we have little cause to blush for want of reverence. But it is unnecessary, in order to prove our regard for our great master, that we should be present at every unconscious attempt to turn him into ridicule. We are scarcely going too far in saying that the admirers of Shakspeare are now less frequently seen at performances of his plays. You cannot go into the streets or the *cafés* and pick up a scratch company capable of acting Shakspeare. A life-long experience of realistic and sensational drama will not enable a man to speak a line of Shakspeare's verse or play his smallest character. What is the good of taking a man who has drawn down the house as a detective, and worn a wig so nicely adjusted as to puzzle the audience, and ask him to play Prospero? Ere he can assume a Shaksperian part he must unlearn one education and begin another. He must acquire some knowledge of versification, a subject on which the average actor is as ignorant as of the languages of central Africa; and he must learn how to acquit himself in an ancient dress and sword. In most Shaksperian representations the acting is offensive before a word is spoken. Every gesture and movement is contrary to what it ought to be. The man is about as much at ease in his suit as a squirrel in the shell of a tortoise. It is, perhaps, for this reason that in Shaksperian representations the female parts are better played than the male. We have seen tolerable Ophelias and Desdemonas, and some excellent. A woman, however, can wear any costume with ease, and is, in nine cases out of ten, free from the clumsiness and affectation of her masculine rival.

To make a company capable of performing the masterpieces of the Shaksperian drama long practice is required. Constant and careful rehearsals should occupy months in advance, and competent stage management should check every tendency to extravagance. The idea that one man is to play the hero of all the poetical dramas at present in vogue is, to our thinking, monstrous. Nor Garrick, nor Kean, nor Talma, in their best days, could do it. To impersonate Hamlet with propriety is at once a work of supreme difficulty. An actor says he has studied a part when he has committed it to memory. Spoiling a line by pronouncing it in defiance of emphasis and archæology, he considers inventing a "new reading." The same if he stamps twice where a predecessor was wont to stamp once. But the real student, after years bestowed in surveying a part in different aspects, knows he is yet far from comprehending it, and that if, at the end of a life spent in arduous pursuit, he has mastered half-a-dozen Shaksperian characters he has done well. Since the world began there never was an actor who could perform respectably the feat to which so many indifferent comedians aspire. A dozen characters of the poetical drama represent all in which the greatest actors have been seen at their best.

Hamlet is the part with which too many actors challenge criticism. More pains are apparently taken to give what are considered new readings than to illustrate the character as traditionally handed down. Our chief objection is that the alterations are in fact trivial, and that the idea on which they are based is erroneous. In giving a species of realism to many of the situations, the beauty and dignity of the character are forfeited. We see a fairly well-behaved man placed in conditions of considerable difficulty, but the Hamlet of Shakspeare, prince, soldier, scholar, statesman, we do not see. The ordinary actor troubles himself little about the psychological depths of Hamlet's nature, but shows him worthy in bearing and polished in manners. So far as this goes it is well enough, and we find much for which to be thankful in the temperance and moderation of the early scenes. But the behaviour is that of a noble, not of a prince, and the kingly side of the character is rarely evoked.

K.

At a spiritual meeting the other evening, a gentleman requested the medium to ask what amusements were most popular in the spiritual world. The reply was "Reading our own obituary notices."

## W A I F S.

A donation of twenty pounds has been sent to Mr. W. Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street, for the Blagrove Testimonial Fund, by Miss Hughes.

M. Taine's "Notes on England" are being translated into English by M. Henri von Laun.

Among the more strictly educational Christmas books is a Shakspeare Almanac, with a quotation for every day in the year.

We are informed that the average yearly number of visitors to the South Kensington Museum during the last five years have been 905,084.

We hear that M. Victor Massé will most probably be chosen to fill the place, in the French Académie des Beaux Arts, left vacant by the death of Auber.

The *Titusville Herald* speaks of the "Lydian melodies falling from the lips of the blondes like pearls from the mouth of a Tuscaloosa clam." L. Thompson is there.

Madame Thalberg has sold her late husband's library, which included autographic scores of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Haydn, Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, Cherubini, Rossini, and Bellini.

At Mr. John Boosey's second London Ballad Concert (of which more in our next), the pianist was Dr. Wyld's extremely clever pupil, Miss Kate Roberts, who met with the genuine success which is her due.

A lady who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving church. On making the discovery she said: "The parson could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."

A Hartford editor, having twitted an editor in a neighbouring city with being bald, subsequently apologized and explained that, "so long as the man can fold his ears over the top of his head, he doesn't need hair, anyhow."

The constancy of love is beautifully illustrated in the case of an aged couple in Wisconsin, who have been engaged to be married thirty years, and during that time have never been out of jail long enough to have the ceremony solemnized.

A German writer complains of the difficulties of the English language, and cites the word *Boz*, which he says is pronounced Dickens. We were aware that there are "difficulties in the pronunciation of our vulgar tongue, but had no idea that they were quite so formidable."

The *Savannah Republican* says of Herr Formes, who has been singing in that "down South":—"Formes is a tower of strength in himself. His rendition of *Mephistopheles* was one of the grandest we have ever witnessed. His voice is glorious, and his acting fully up to his reputation as an artist."

In its notice of *Hamlet*, as recently played at Brussels, the *Guide Musical* thus states a delicate case:—

"The only discordant note which made itself heard arose from her (Mlle. Sessi's) physical advantages. One imagines Ophelia vaporous, diaphanous, ethereal as an elf or a Will, and Mlle Sessi possesses that opulent beauty which the pencil of Raphael has immortalised."

In M. Taine's "Notes on English girls" (now being translated in the *Daily News*), we read the following:—

"Another evening at Lady —'s. One of her daughters sang a Norwegian song at the piano, and sang it well, with animation and expression, which are not common. According to the opinions of my musical friends, the English are still worse endowed than we are with respect to music; however, on this subject, all illusions are possible; Miss B., having pitilessly strummed a sonata, finished amidst general attention. Her mother said to me 'She has quite a genius for it.'"

On Monday evening a most interesting lecture was given at the church in Tolmer Square, on "The life and works of Mozart," by Mr. R. Forsey Brion, of the Royal Academy of Music. The lecture was very well attended, and was illustrated by selections from the works to which the speaker drew attention. Mr. Brion handled his subject throughout with skill, accompanied by a veneration, which gave effect to the opinions he enunciated. The sonata in F was admirably played by Miss Wilkie; and, as instances of the different styles in one opera, were given "Non più andrai," by Mr. G. B. Sowerby, jun.; "Forgi amor," by Mrs. J. E. Sowerby (who was loudly applauded); "Vedro, mentr'io sospiro," by Mr. Mannell; "Dore sono," by Miss Brion (who evinced considerable vocal powers); "Crudel perchè," by Mr. G. B. Sowerby, jun. and Miss Brion; and "In quegl'anni," by Mr. J. Jones—all from *Figaro*. "Calm is the glassy ocean," with the solos sustained by Miss Brion, was next given by the choir to illustrate the lecturer's comments upon *Idomeneo*; and, after a dissertation upon the circumstances of the composition of the *Requiem*, the "Dies Ira," was sung by all the voices. Votes of thanks were passed, not only to Mr. Brion, but to the ladies and gentlemen who had assisted him, and to the chairman.

A statement in the *Builder*, to the effect that organs are very frequently mentioned in the Bible, having been impugned, a correspondent takes up the war of words in defence of that paper as follows:—"The Greek word, from which the Latin 'organum,' and the French and English 'orgue' and 'organ' are derived, signifies an instrument of music, and especially those blown by wind. Holy Scripture gives us this word eighteen times 'organum,' and always as a musical instrument."

Mr. Louis Emanuel, composer of "Our Noble Prince, thank Heaven, is safe," has received the following from Sir Thos. Biddulph:—"I am to express to you the Queen's thanks, for the kind feeling expressed towards her, and for your attention in sending the 'Thanksgiving Song.'—Mr. Holzmann, for H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, writes to the composer: "Her Royal Highness gratefully appreciates the sentiments which have prompted you to write and compose a 'Thanksgiving Song' on the happy recovery of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales."

We read in the *New York Weekly Review* as follows:—

"Madame Clara Brinkerhoff, with her coadjutors, Mdle. Kerr, Mr. Robert Gehring, Mr. Finlay Finlayson, and others, appeared before a highly intelligent and appreciative audience at Paterson. The programme was admirable. The gems were the grand scena and aria with cabaletta, 'Ah fors è lui'; 'Ich fühle deinen odem'; 'Vederlo sol bramo' (duet); 'The magic wove Scarf' (trio). In each of these Mdme. Brinkerhoff sustained the soprano parts with the earnestness and faultless style for which she is so noted. In 'Ah fors è lui,' she gave a sustained D in alt, and in return for the recall sat down to the Weber Grand and accompanied herself, with graceful ease, in 'The last rose of summer.'"

The *Daily News* in its report of last Monday's Popular Concert says:—

"Herr Straus re-appeared in that capacity—one which he has so admirably filled on many previous occasions here. Not only by his brilliant powers as a solo player, but also by his intellectual qualities as a leader of the chamber music of the great masters, has Herr Straus long been held in high and deserved esteem, both in this country and abroad; and the welcome which he received on his re-appearance at St. James's Hall proved that his temporary absence had not weakened the remembrance of his merits."

A correspondent writes as follows:—

"Unless the directors of S. Carlo, Naples, better themselves, the reputation of this world-famed theatre will be gravely compromised. *Rigoletto*, with which the season opened, was produced so as to call forth many a murmur of indignation from the audience. The excellent baritone, Aldighieri, was much applauded, and recalled many times, for his admirable performance of the part of the unfortunate jester; but he stood alone in his glory. A new opera, by Viceconte, entitled *Selvaggia*, is promised us in the course of the season. The libretto is founded on d'Azeoglio's well-known romance of *Nicolo de Lapi*. At Bologna, *Ruy Blas* has had a triumphant success; the ensemble being excellent. The same may be said of the *troupe* at S. Carlo Felice, Genoa, where the execution of Flotow's *L'Ombra* was so careful and perfect as to ensure a favourable reception. 'One swallow does not make a summer,' and a first-rate *prima donna* or *prima tenore*, badly supported, is as unsatisfactory as a Raphael or Vandyke, surrounded by inferior paintings."

H. L. B.

An institution which has probably done more harm to the morals of this and other countries than any other form of public entertainment, is opera bouffe. The music is not, in itself, necessarily of a sensuous character, but it is wedded to librettos that reek of the bawdy house, and has been, as a general thing, interpreted by men and women whose moral character was of the lowest. What the effect of this has been upon the younger classes of our local population may be seen in the increased records of crime and dissipation, and in the large additions to the lists of unfortunates that flaunt their gaudy fronts along our leading thoroughfares. But opera bouffe in this country, and, for that matter, in its birthplace, Paris, has pretty nearly run its course. While before, we found it lifting its head proudly at one of the handsomest theatres in the world, we find it now confined to the smallest house devoted to public amusement within the city limits. The sign speaks well for a return of the reason which this king of cap and bells and vice has so long dethroned. We must have our "Lord of Misrule" sometimes, but do not want him always, nor can we do his bidding forever.—*Musical Bulletin*.

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